

MARVEL

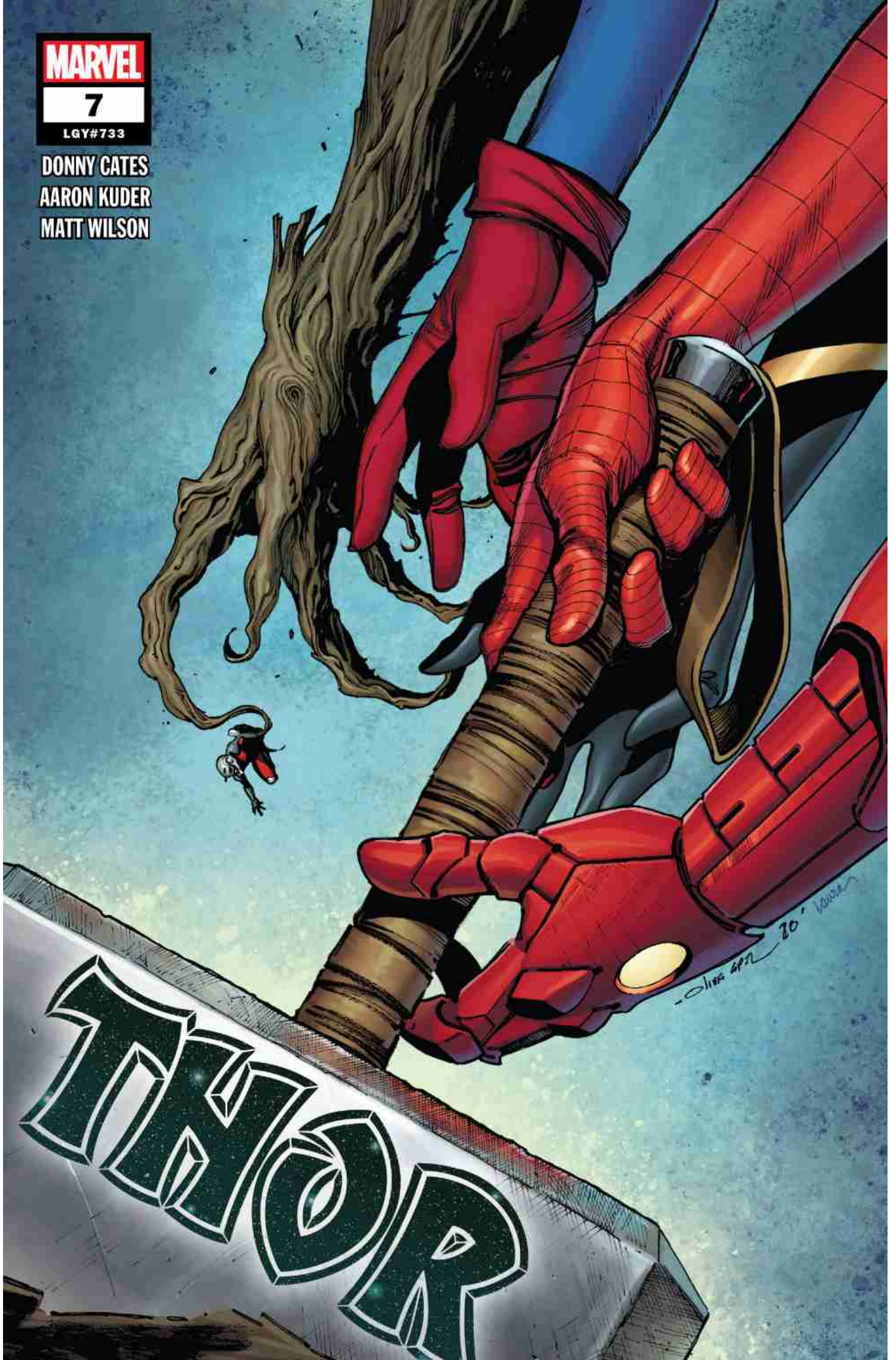
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LGY#733

DONNY CATES

AARON KUDER

MATT WILSON



With the small exception of the nine years he spent in federal prison for multiple accounts of aggravated assault and armed robbery, Adam Aziz has lived in the same small, dusty town for his entire life.

These days--his ill-spent youth long behind him--he fixes cars for folks who can't afford to have their cars fixed.

His shop has been in this town for longer than he has been alive, having once belonged to his father before him.



And as he's seen every single other mechanic shop come and go, Adam has always steered himself by determination and sheer hard work.

(And, perhaps, a bit of guilt as well.)

The townspeople will often ask Adam why he doesn't charge more. Why he doesn't get himself some fancy new shop. Or hell, a new wrench or screwdriver at least.

He tells them all the same thing:

"God has provided me with everything I need in the palms of my own two hands."

PAMMIT, NOT AGAIN.

"And, well, as for the wrench..."

BROXCON, OKLAHOMA.

"...it's a poor workman
who blames his tools."



THOR

“HAMMERFALL” PART ONE OF TWO

**THOR IS THE GOD OF THUNDER AND
ALL-FATHER OF ASGARD.**

**IN HIS RECENT BATTLES – THE MOST
SIGNIFICANT OF WHICH SAW THOR KILL
GALACTUS AND THEN INCORPORATE
HIS ANCIENT ARMOR INTO THE
ARCHITECTURE OF ASGARD TO HOUSE
REFUGEES OF WORLDS GALACTUS HAD
DEVOURED – THE ALL-FATHER HAS
NOTICED A STRANGE HEAVINESS IN HIS
HAMMER MJOLNIR.**

**AND THE PROBLEM IS WORSE THAN HE
KNOWS. FOR WHILE MJOLNIR GROWS
HEAVY FOR THOR...IT BECOMES LIGHTER
FOR EVERYONE ELSE. EVEN HIS BROTHER
LOKI HAS HELD THE HAMMER NOW...**

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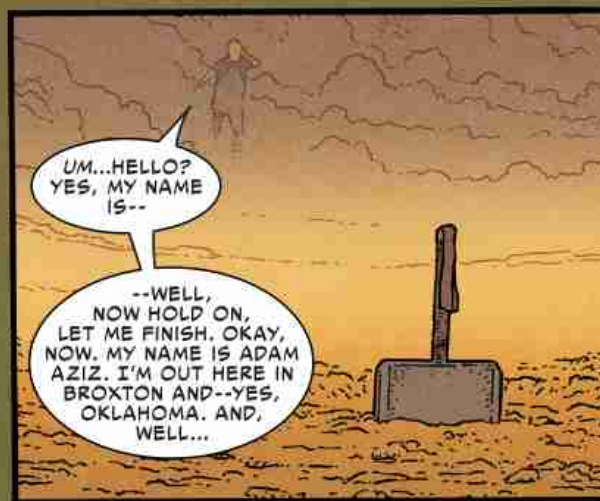
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THOR CREATED BY STAN LEE, LARRY LIEBER & JACK KIRBY



"...YOU BETTER
GET OUT HERE,
I RECKON."



THOR,
MAY I
ASK...

OF
COURSE,
LADY
SIF.

WHAT THE
HEL ARE YOU
DOING? WHY HAVE
YOU THROWN
MJOLNIR INTO
BROXTON
AGAIN?

TESTING A
THEORY.



YOU KNOW,
MIDGARD MAKES
THESE DEVICES.
LITTLE RECTANGLES
WITH THE MAGIC TO
SEND WORDS THROUGH
THE AIR. QUITE
POPULAR. LOKI
HAS ONE.

AYE. I
PREFER THE
RAVENS.

THE
RECTANGLES
HAVE GAMES.
YOUR FILTHY BIRDS
HAVE NO GAMES.

SIF.

PLEASE
DO TRY
TO TAKE THIS
SERIOUSLY.

FRANKLY...





--I HAVE ENOUGH ON MY PLATE TODAY AS IS WITHOUT YOUR JOKES.

NOW, PLEASE...IF YOU DO NOT MIND--



--KEEP ME UPDATED.

IF ANYTHING HAPPENS--

I'LL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW.

FOLLOWED SWIFTLY BY YOU, MY LORD, I'LL GIVE HUGINN HERE MY EYES SO THAT YOU MAY SEE THROUGH THEM AS WELL. AND IF I MAY ADD...



...GOOD LUCK AT YOUR... MEETING.

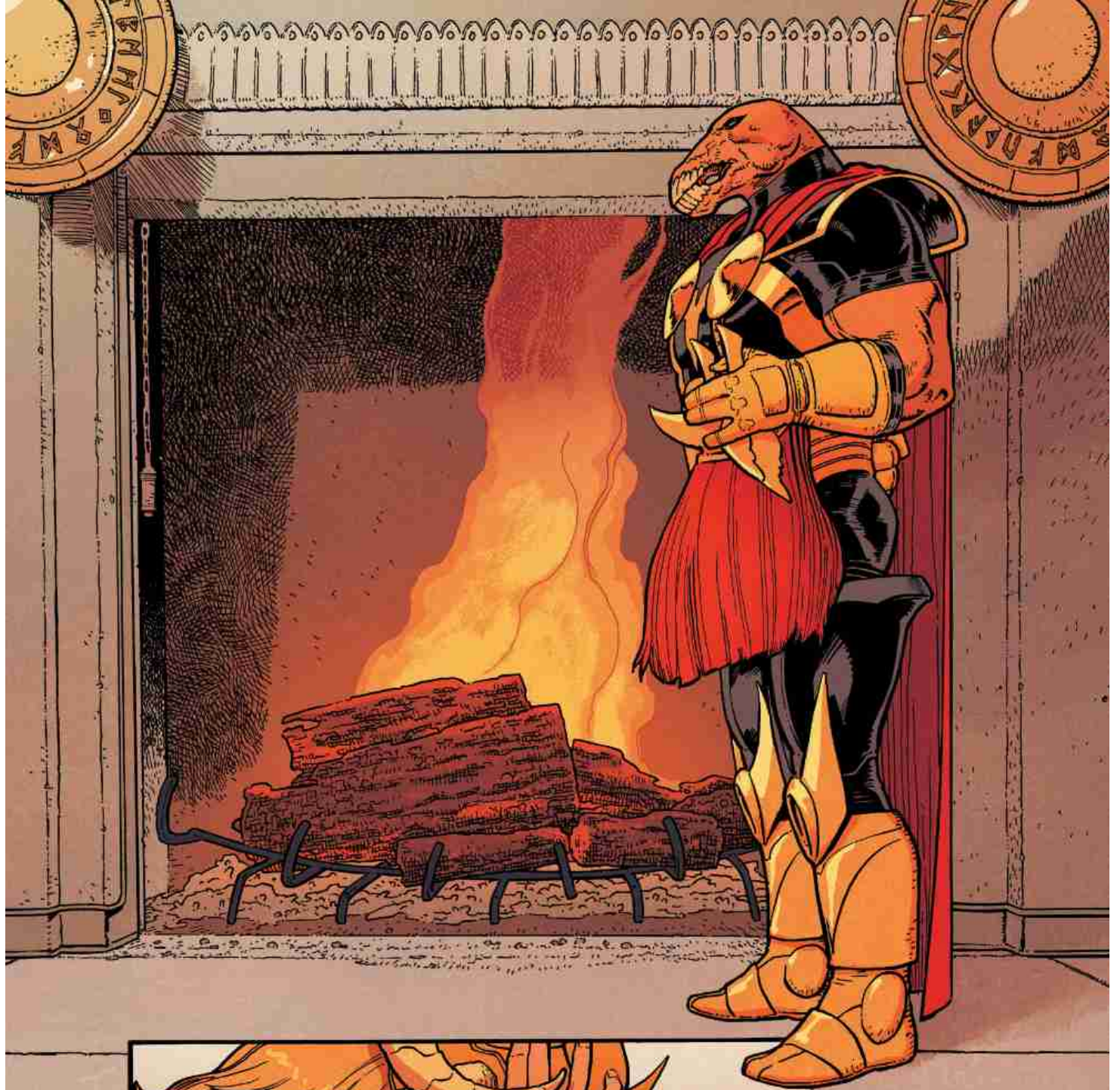
IT'LL BE FINE. THANK YOU.



BE NICE TO HIM.

THAT'S ENOUGH, SIF.





BILL.



YOUR
HIGHNESS.



AH.
WELL...



THANK
YOU FOR
COMING.

WILL YOU
SIT?

IS
THAT AN
ORDER?



no.
GODS
no...



I AM
TRYING
TO...

I WOULD...
I WOULD LIKE
TO HAVE A
DRINK.

...WITH A
FRIEND...



PLEASE.





YES.
SORRY. I WAS...
ANYWAY...

SO, I HEAR
YOU WERE WITH
THE GUARDIANS OF
THE GALAXY FOR A
TIME, YES? AND
SOMETHING ABOUT
THE INHUMANS
BEFORE THAT?



YES.
MANY GRAND
AND WONDROUS
ADVENTURES.*

NOW WHY
DON'T YOU TELL
ME *WHY* YOU'VE
CALLED ME
HERE, THOR?

*SEE GOTG: THE FINAL GAUNTLET,
GOTG: FAITHLESS, AND DEATH OF
THE INHUMANS. --STABLEBOY WIL



OR ARE WE GOING TO SIT HERE
AND PRETEND YOU DIDN'T BEAT
ME INTO THE GROUND AND
SHATTER MY HAMMER
THE LAST TIME
WE MET?



I CAN
APPRECIATE THAT
YOU NEED SOMEONE
TO DRINK YOUR WINE
AND TALK OF THE GOOD
OLD TIMES, BUT AS YOU
SO CLEARLY REMINDED
ME, WEARING A CROWN
REQUIRES CERTAIN
SACRIFICES, DOES
IT NOT?

I AM NOT OF ASGARD, THOR.
YOU'VE SEEN TO IT TO TAKE
THAT AWAY FROM ME.

YOU
ARE NOT
MY KING.

SO IF YOU
DID NOT BRING
ME HERE FOR A
REASON, THEN YOU
CAN DRINK YOUR
WINE ALONE,
OLD MAN.



I NEED
YOU TO TELL
ME ABOUT
CHANOS.

--LIVE ON
THE SCENE AS
WHAT APPEARS TO
BE THE HAMMER
OF THOR HAS ONCE
AGAIN FALLEN OUT
OF THE SKY HERE
IN BROXTON,
OKLAHOMA.



AS
MOST OF OUR
VIEWERS AT HOME
LIKELY KNOW, THOR
AND THE TOWN OF
BROXTON HAVE A LONG
HISTORY TOGETHER. EVER
SINCE THE SUPPOSED GOD
OF THUNDER BROUGHT
THE ACTUAL REALM OF
ASGARD TO THE CITY
BACK IN--



Now

BROXTON STILL IN SHAMBLES POST-ROXXON TAKEOVER, MOST RESIDENTS NOW LIVING IN NEARBY CASTLE KNOWN AS "LITTLE ASGARD"

LIVE

OH!
ARE YOU
GETTING THIS?!
IT LOOKS
LIKE...

YES, IT
IS! LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN--



NEARBY CASTLE KNOWN AS "LITTLE ASGARD" **LIVE**



--IRON
MAN IS
HERE!

NO
PICTURES.
WHICH
ONE OF YOU
IS ADAM
AZIZ?



THAT'D
BE ME,
SIR.



I FOUND IT
JUST LIKE I TOLD
YA. I WAS JUST
WORKING IN MY SHOP
ON THIS OLD
PICKUP AND--

YEAH,
YEAH. SURE.
I DON'T
CARE.



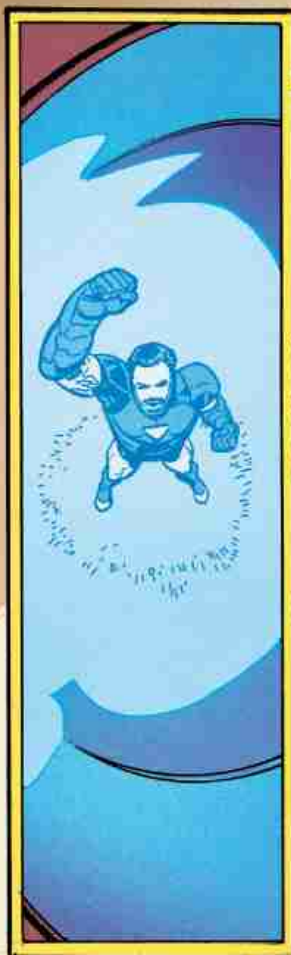
I'M A LITTLE
MORE CONCERNED
ABOUT HOW YOU
MANAGED TO CALL ME
ON MY PERSONAL AND
VERY, VERY PRIVATE
HOME NUMBER.



OH.
WELL...UM...I
DIDN'T MEAN TO
INTRUDE, IT
WAS JUST--

OH, FOR
THE LOVE
OF...







IT HAPPENED WHEN I WAS WITH THE GUARDIANS. HELA HAD COLLECTED THE SEVERED AND DEAD PARTS OF THANOS IN ORDER TO RESURRECT HIM.

AND MEANWHILE, THANOS HAD UPLOADED HIS CONSCIOUSNESS INTO HIS BROTHER, EROS, AS A BACKUP IN CASE HE DIED.

TOGETHER THEY SOUGHT TO JOIN THE BODY AND THE SOUL TO BRING THE MAD TITAN BACK FROM THE BEYOND.

IS IT POSSIBLE, THEN...

WHAT? ANOTHER BACKUP? NO, THOR...

HOW CAN YOU KNOW?

BECAUSE I HAMMERED A BLACK HOLE INTO HIS UNDEAD CHEST.

I SAW HIM AND HELA BOTH IMplode INTO NOTHING WITH MY OWN EYES.

I ASSURE YOU, THOR-- THANOS IS NO MORE.

AYE...
VERY WELL THEN.

THOR...
WHAT HAS YOU WORRIED?

WHAT DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE NOT TELLING ME?



I...
I HAVE SEEN A VISION.

SOMETHING IS COMING, BILL.

SOMETHING IS... *WRONG* WITH ME, WITH ASGARD...

WITH... FACE.

BILL, I HAVE CALLED YOU HERE FOR A REASON.

THERE MAY COME A TIME... PERHAPS SOON...

...THAT I MAY HAVE TO STEP AWAY FROM THE THRONE.

THOR... I DO NOT UNDERSTAND. WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

I... I FEAR I CANNOT TRUST MYSELF THESE DAYS. AND I WILL NEED YOU AT MY SIDE. IF I FALL... IF I AM CORRUPTED OR...

BILL, I AM ASKING YOU...

WILL YOU BE MY *SECOND* IN COMMAND? ACT WHEN I CANNOT?

WILL YOU LEAD THE ARMIES OF ASGARD AS THEIR MASTER OF WAR? WILL YOU--

--KNOCK YOUR HEAD IN WHEN YOU ARE BEING AN ASS?

THAT AS WELL...



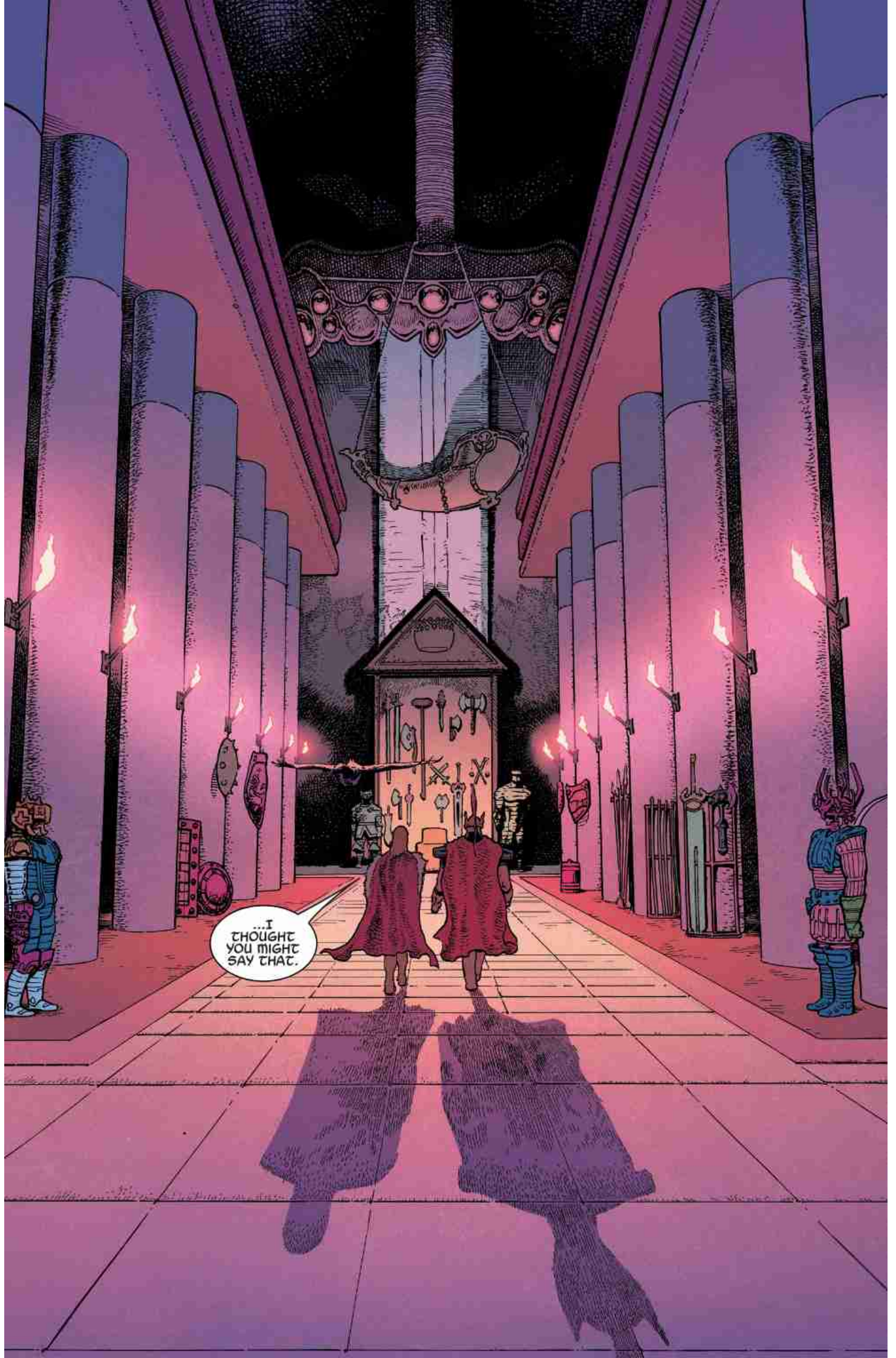
HHMM... WELL...



I WILL NEED A NEW HAMMER.



AYE...







"...SOMETHING IS WRONG.

OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH, PEOPLE!



"I HAVE SENSED IT FOR TOO LONG...

"...SOMETHING **BROKEN** INSIDE OF MJOLNIR.

IS THOR DEAD?

--LOST MY JOB AT ROXXON BECAUSE OF THAT CLOWN.

WHY IS IT HERE? IS IT A TEST, OR--

IS ASGARD COMING BACK? BECAUSE I--

JUST LET ME TRY TO PICK IT UP!

LISTEN, WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS. I DON'T HAVE ANY NEW INFORMATION RIGHT NOW, OKAY? BUT YOU REMEMBER LAST TIME, RIGHT?



NO ONE CAN PICK IT UP. NOT EVEN ME.

(WHICH IS FRANKLY RIDICULOUS, BUT OKAY.)

SO WE'RE ALL GOING TO CALM DOWN AND WAIT UNTIL--

UM, SIR! IT'S CHANGING AGAIN.



"AND, FOR TOO LONG, I HAVE TRIED TO IGNORE IT.

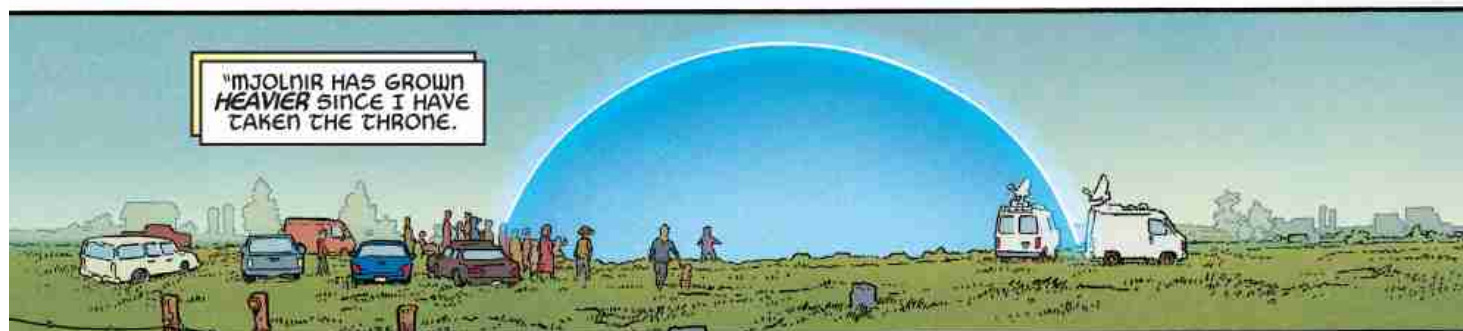
"TO RUN FROM IT. TO CAST IT OUT OF MY MIND.

IT'S WHAT?! WHAT IS IT--



"TODAY I WILL RUN NO MORE.

OH, COME ON!



"...IT IS ALSO THAT
EVERYONE ELSE
DOES NOT."

...THE
HELL?

TO BE CONTINUED...

QUOTH THE RAVENS: THE HUGINN & MUNINN SHOW

WRITE TO US AT MHEROES@MARVEL.COM
AND MARK YOUR MISSIVES "OKAY TO PRINT."



Muninn, have you seen any new letters come in lately? The skies seem awfully empty to me.

'Fraid not... perhaps we should ask Lady Sif? Her all-seeing po—

Didn't she JUST call us "filthy birds"?! I will not be replaced by a Starkphone!!

All right all right, it was just a suggestion. (I'm sure she didn't mean BOTH of us, at any rate...). So what do we do instead, Huginn?

Sigh. These Midgardians love their "art," don't they? I suppose we can show them a few pieces we've pecked up...

Behold:

Adam, as designed by Aaron Kuder!



Beta Ray Bill, as designed by Nic Klein!
(who returns with issue #9!)



And inks for this issue's cover by the
extraordinary Olivier Coipel!



By the time you hear from us again, the channels of communication between Midgard and Asgard will be open once more.
Have faith, true believer, and write to us with all the speed of the wind.

NEXT ISSUE:



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